Young Girl Wishes to Mingle In Society

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: For some reason I cannot associate with the boys and girls my age who are acknowleged leaders of the younger society set. I cannot tell you how badly I wish to be a member of their crowd, or how hard I would attempt to attend their parties and dances if I only knew how to proceed. I am only 16 years old and my family is considered respectable, What do you suppose is the matter with me?

What do you suppose is the matter with me?

Sometimes it takes work to reach the goal we want to achieve. If I were you I would study hard in school and make a name for myself. Do not be prudish, but make a reputation among the teachers and cultivate an alcofness of manner that will deceive people into thinking you do not care especially for their company. Have each one of your frocks made exactly right, even if you hair simply, but effectively, Use little or no paint. Walk and think before and after school. Go with no one unless he or she is the kind of person whom you wish to associate with. Do these things and see what happens.

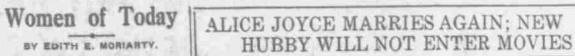
Dear Mrs. Thompsn—Please tell me what will make the hands nice and attractive. Also how one should keep the nails.

DOLLY.

Almond cream of camphorice applied nightly will soften the hands. Nails should be neatly filed in a rounded fashion, projecting a small fraction above the finger tip. Keep the cuitiels

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a married woman, five feet one inch tail. Hair pins give me the headache and my husband wants me to bob my hair. I told him that I might look frightful, but still he insists. Would you advise me to cut my locks? MRS. A. G. C.

Bobbed hair is very becoming to many, and if the pins hurt your head probably it would be best for you to cut it. Be careful, though, and do not let the barber get it too short. The perfect out comes to the lower tip of the





Alice Joyce, the screen star, and James B. Regan, Jr., son of the proprietor of the Hotel Knickerbocker, were married recently in Holy Innocents church. New York. The service was performed by Father Thomas Lynch, pastor of the clurch. Regan is 25 years old. He is an alumnus of Yale, of the class of 1915. In that year he entered the British army and saw considerable service on both the western and eastern fronts. When the United

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

For the Table

What's In a Name? Marry In Own Class; Happiness Is Assured

BY DOROTHY DIX. The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

According to the Paris newspapers there is a continuous miration homeward of the French women who married American to the American mode of living, and American enstons and

teacher wed the black sheep, but while it is undoubtedly good for posterity, it is also indisputably hard on the individual.

For the very quality of oppositeness that draws a man and woman together before marriage, makes them fly apart after marriage. They never understand each other because they have no meeting ground of mutual temptation and weaknesses. To the self-controlled man, for instance, the emotional woman who flies into tempers, and repents and weeps is a repulsive weakling. About the only thing they have in common is the perpetual wonder of why they ever married each other.

The happy marriages are those in which people marry the same kind of folks as they are, those who have been reared in the same education, who have the same friends and are used to the same kind of cooking, and pie and politics, and the same brand of religion. Squeedunk is just as fascinating a place to live in as New York or London, or Paris if you have always lived there, but it's a little flat to be brought to it as a bride if you have enent your life on Broadway, or the Rie de la Paix or in Belgravia.

A new suit from a mail order house may make you a leader in fashion just as much as the latest import from Paris. It is just as thrilling to belp your husband build up a green grocery trade as it is to pull the wires that make him an ambassador. It all depends on what you are used to. But you cannot pass from diplomatic circles and French models to the green grocery and the hand-me-down without a jar that is apt to shatter the family circle.

No better advice was ever given to the man about to marry than Long-

Circle.

No better advice was ever given to the man about to marry than Long-fellow offered when he said: "Like the startight, like the moonlight is the handsomest of strangers, like the fre upon the hearthstone is a neighbor's homely daughter."

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Household Hints

BY MRS. MARY MORTON

Fried Chicken "Country Style". An old hen will taste better than fried spring whicken if greanred as follows: Clean and draw chicken. Cut in pieces ready for frying. Place in kettle with just enough bolling water to cover and simmer for one hour or until about half done. Then take from kettle, drain well, sprinkle with sait and pepper and roll in a mixture of flour and corn meal. Have ready a frying pan partly filled with hot fat (half butter and half bacon drippings are best). Place in your pieces of chicken and fry quickly until goden brown.

Remove to another pan or roaster and place in medium hot oven until tender (about one-half hour).

Baked Apple Dumplings—Four apples,

Baked Apple Dumplings—Four apples, one cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon mit, one tablespoons shortening, one cup mills, four table-spoons sugar and two teaspoons but-

spoons sugar and two teaspoons butter.

Sift the flour, salt and baking powder
into bowl, rub in the lard lightly, add
just enough cold milk to form a dough.
Flace on floured board and roil onequarter then thick.

Divide into four parts. Lay on each
quarter a small apple which has been
pared and cored. Add one teaspoon
sugar and a little butter; wet edges of
dough with milk and fold around apple,
pressing lightly together. Place in agate
pan, sprinkle with remainder of sugar
and butter, peur rest of milk over
dimplings. Cover with ple tin and
bake 20 minutes. Remove the pis tin
and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven.

TEARING OVER THE STAGE.

Howell-That emotional actress is like liobe, dissolved in tears! Powell-Oh, It is a far cry from Niobel

WINCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND BILLIE'S BAG.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure News- source nor any from the lady mouse,

All was nice and quiet within the hollow stump school one day. The lady mouse teacher sat at her desk, and the animal boys and girls sat in their seats studying their lessons. It was very still and quiet, when, all of a sudden, there came aloud rattlety-bang clattery-elack noise. The noise sounded from where Billie Bushytail, the boy control each

"Never mind what else it has in."
said the teacher. "School is the place for lessons, not pags."

Withdowship the duck girl.

Lulu Wibblewobble, the duck girl, raised her wing.

"Yes, Lulu, what is it?" asked the teacher, as Billie walked up to the desk with his bag.

"If you please, teacher," quacked the duck girl, "we had something in our school lesson yesterday about bags. It was how many bags of sugar can you buy for 10 cents if sait is a penny a pound."

pound."
"Yes, Lulu, but Billie's bag hasn't sugar in," said the lady mouse. "Now study your lessons all of you. There is no telling when Uncle Wiggily may come in to see how well you can re-

come in to see now wen you can recite."

So Billie, the squirrel chap, brought his bag with the marbles, and something else in it, up to the teacher, and she put it away in her desk. Then the lessons went on, but Uacle Wiggily did

lessons went on, but Uacle Wiggily did not come.

And when school was let out in the afternoon Billie, Johnnie and the other animal boys were so surprised to see it snowing that they ran out to play amid the white flakes. It was a very late snow storm, and when the lady mouse looked out of the window, as she was getting ready to go home, she hoped the snow would not last very long.

"I wonder why Uncle Wiggily didn't come today?" thought the lady mouse, as she looked in her desk to see that she was not forgetting anything. And as she saw Billie's bag she exclaimed:

"There! I forgot to give it to the poor little fellow. He may want the marbles to play with. But then he should not have taken them out in school. However, I can take it and leave it for him at his house. He's gone now—he and the other boys are out playing in the snow. How they love it!" Indeed, Billie, Johnnie and all the rest were far from the hollow stump school now. The lady mouse teacher was just leaving, taking Billie's bag of marbles with her, when along came Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, you are late;" exclaimed the teacher.

"Yes," answered the old rabbit gen-

"Oh, you are late;" exclaimed the teacher.
"Yes," answered the old rabbit gentleman, giving his pink nose a twinkle or two. "I meant to get here before school was out. But I had to go to the store for Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, and that made me late. I hope you will not keep me in," and he smiled funny-like at the lady mouse teacher.
"No; school is over for the day," she said.

"No; school is over for the day," she said.

"What have you there?" asked Uncle Wiggily, looking at the bag on her paw. "Oh, Billie's marbles," she answered, and she told how the squirrel boy had taken them out in class, which was against the rule. It made the children laugh and play to see a bag in school. "I'll carry it for you," offered the rabbit gentleman. He and the lady mouse school teacher were walking along together, over the fields and through the late March snow storm, when, all of a sudden, out from amid the flakes popped the bad old Skeezicks.

the flakes popped the bad old Skeericks.

"At last!" he howled. "At last I
have you! If I can't get any souse off
Uncle Wiggily's ears I'll get some from
the lady mouse."

"Oh, no, you will not!" cried Uncle
Wiggily, who knew he had to be brake
when he had a lady with him, even if
she was only a mouse, "You shan't
have any of her good souse!" he
chanted.

"Who says so?" howled the Skee impolitely.

politely.
"I do! Stand back. Approach her at your peril!" Geted the bunny gentleman, and he opened Bille's bag. And he put his paw inside.
"Oh, gentlemen! Pray do not quarrel over me!" begged the timid lady mouse.

rel over me!" begged the timid lady mouse.

"He shall nevel get your souse!" declared Uncle Wiggliy, "I'll throw every marble in Ellile's bag at the bad Skee, that's what I will."

As he said that a queet look came ever the bunny gentleman's face. His paw had felt something else in the bag besides marbles. Gackly pulling it out Uncle Wiggliy pointed it at the skeezicks and pulled the trigger.

"Oh, wow! Oh, stouble wow! Oh, the ream and water trackets!" evice the skee. "How cold I am! I'm turning into an icicie!" And, all dripping wet, and with icicles beginning to freeze all over him, he turned and ran away, not getting and of Lucke Wigglis.

"Oh, what did you do to scare him away, Uncle Wiggly?" asked the teach-er of the hollow stump school.

"I squirted water on him from Bil-lic's water pistol I found in the bag," answered the bunny. "I just shot him with Billie's water pistol."

studying their lessons. It was very still and quiet when, all of a sudden, there came aloud rattlety-bang clattery-clack noise. The noise sounded from where Billie Bushytail, the boy squirrel, sat.

"Why, Billie!" exclaimed the lady mouse teacher, "what lessons are you studying that makes such a noise?" "If—if you please, teacher." chattered Billie, "I wasn't studying at all. I had out my bag of marbles and I accidentally dropped some. "I guess you must have dropped them all by the noise they made." said the lady mouse teacher, trying not to smile, lady mouse teacher, trying not to smile, "You may bring the bag to me. Billie; "You may bring the bag to me. Billie; "Hi take care of it for you until after."

June Caprice, who has jsut completed her latest picture, "In Walked Mary," invited a young cousin from Boston to New York to spend two or three weeks with her. One evening Miss Caprice put her little cousin to bed and started out the door.

"June, come back and stay with me!" cried the little girl.

"I can't tonight, darling," June answered, "I am going to see Hamlet."

"Can't you bring Hamlet here?" asked the child.

As a Woman Thinks

Where are the pessimistic professors and teachers who think that the classics are being cast aside in favor of cheap literature and motion pictures. Then suddenly the doors swung open and a stampede followed. Soon a red-faced policeman was in the center of the Northern cities last week. At moon the downtown streets were thronged with office workers and clarks all strolling languidly along caught in the first stages of spring fever. One's thoughts instinctively turned to reminiscences of roller skating days, marbles, baseball, and skipping ropes. The children of the town were probably indusing in all of these things while their older brothers and sisters returned to stuffy offices to work.

There seemed to be some children.

Let rise again and bake in slow oven.

Plain Cake—One cup sugar, one
tablespoon butter. Cream butter and
sugar together. Two eggs (whites and
yolks beaten separately), one-half cupaweet milk, one teaspoon extract, one
and one-half cups flour, two teaspoons
baking powder. Add the well beaten
whites of eggs last, beat for 10 minutes, bake in two layers.

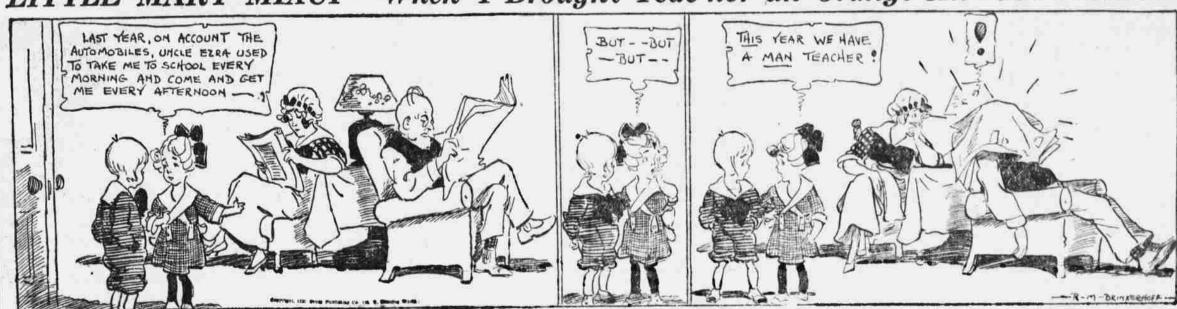
Salmon Roll—Mix equal parts of salmon and boiled rice. Season with butter, pepper and sait. Form into moid.
Cover with cracker crumbs. Place in

merrily, saying:
"Verily, verily, I
an unmitigated simp

BRINGING UP FATHER -By George McManus



LITTLE MARY MIXUP-When Y'Brought Teacher an Orange An' Got a Kiss



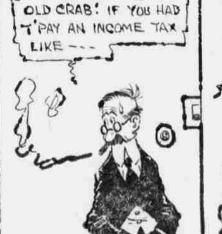
JOE'S CAR-An' Besides, She Might Call Him Something Worse

SAY LISTEN! I'M NO



YES, AND YOU WANT A

OH NO! OH NO! NO-NO!







HI JOE! GRAB A CUE